

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VI. No. 9

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

NOVEMBER 28, 1915

Such a Difference.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

I KNOW a very funny
Little girl, named May.
I went to see her mother
Just a week ago to-day.
And in came May a-flying,
With a frown upon her face,
And though the smiles were trying,
They couldn't find a place!

"Such an awful thing has happened!"
Cried this little girl, named May;
"A horrid boy has moved next door,
He came this very day.
He has an awful great big dog
That scares me half to death;
He'll frighten Kittykins, I know,
And chase her out of breath.

"Oh, mother, did you ever know
So sad a thing before?
I never can be happy
With that boy and dog next door!"

To-day I went a-walking,
And I met that self-same May.
"Do tell me," I inquired,
"How are you and Puss to-day?
She looks so fat and happy,
And you're so brisk and gay,
That 'Awful Dog' and 'Horrid Boy'
Have surely moved away."

No sooner had I said it
Than that funny little girl
Began to talk so queerly
That my head got in a whirl.—
"What 'Horrid Boy'?" she said, and frowned,
"What 'Awful Dog'?"—a stamp,—
"That Darling Dog next door drove off
A terrible old tramp!"

"His master is the nicest boy
I ever knew; so there!
He plays with us, and brings us things,
And takes the littlest share.
We four are 'pals,' and I don't see
How you can talk that way
'Bout horrid boys and awful dogs!"—
That funny girl, named May!

The Reason Why.

BY GRACE E. CRAIG.

WHERE going, Ken?"
Billy Banks hung over the veranda rail as his big brother came swiftly across the side yard swinging an empty potato sack.

"Chestnutting," Kenneth replied briefly.
"Oh, say! I can go too, can't I?" and Billy scrambled down from his perch.

"Not to-day, kid. I'd just as lief have you along, but the other fellows wouldn't stand for it."

"Why not?" Billy's voice had become a whimper.



"Father had lately been teaching thirteen-year-old Kenneth how to rake and burn the leaves."

"Cause you're too little."

"I aren't little. I'm six. I think it's mean, and"—

But Kenneth was gone.

Billy walked down the front path, gloomily looking for something to do. Father had lately been teaching thirteen-year-old Kenneth how to rake and burn the leaves which came floating down from the big elms and maples, and Billy had sometimes been allowed to help. He saw that a good many leaves had fallen during the night, and decided to spend the morning in clearing the lawn.

He was naturally a jolly little fellow to whom laughing came far more easily than crying, and he had soon forgotten his disappointment and was working cheerfully.

But somehow the yellow, red, and brown leaves wouldn't roll up in nice even heaps as they did when Kenneth was there. Try as he would he couldn't make them, and he was on the point of throwing down his rake when a gay voice made him pause.

"Hello, Billy!" it called. "All alone?" and yellow-haired Polly Bennet, who lived next door, came tripping up the path.

"Yes," answered Billy, sadly. "Ken's gone nutting, and mother's got a dressmaker upstairs."

"Well, I'll stay and play with you," Polly offered kindly. "Let's finish raking the lawn."

Polly was ten, but she often ran in to amuse Billy when she thought he might be lonely, and the little boy was very fond of her.

They worked away happily, and had succeeded in gathering the leaves into a fine, round pile when an idea popped into Billy's head. He would have a bonfire!

He was never allowed to build a fire, indeed mother had forbidden him even to touch the matches in the blue china matchbox on the living-room mantel; but perhaps

it would be all right now Polly, so much older and bigger, was with him. He knew very well that he ought to go in and ask mother about it, but—well, she *might* object, and he did want to see those leaves sputter and burn. Polly, of course, didn't know that he had never made a fire before. Maybe it wasn't quite fair not to tell her, but he just wasn't going to!

Swiftly he scampered to the living-room and climbed upon a chair near the mantel. His blue eyes could not see over the edge of the shelf, but his chubby fingers felt the blue china box and grasped the enticing matches. In another moment he was back in the yard, round face flushed and eyes shining.

Polly was charmed.

"Oh, what fun!" she cried. "I love a bonfire!"

How it happened neither of the children could tell. They were busily poking and prodding the leaves to make them burn more briskly, when some little sparks danced over in Polly's direction. A moment later Billy, looking up, saw that his friend's dainty blue gingham frock was blazing.

Screaming wildly, the two children ran toward the house.

"Mother! Mother!" wailed Billy up the stairs. "Polly's burning up! Polly's burning up!"

It was all over in a few seconds.

Mrs. Banks, flying through the hall, caught a rug from the floor and wrapped it around the frightened Polly, smothering the flames before they had eaten more than the edge from the little girl's white sweater. Only the skirt of her frock was burned.

"But, oh, mother!" Billy said that night as he was getting ready for bed, "if you hadn't been near by dear Polly would have been all burned up, and it would have been my fault."

His mother held him close.

"Little son!" she said, "I'm afraid it would. It was your fire, you see, which did the mischief, the fire you lighted without mother's consent."

"But Kenneth makes fires," Billy protested. "I didn't think it would be *dreadfully* wrong for me to have one."

"But, you see, dear, your brother knows what to do in case of accident, and is large and strong enough to do it."

Billy's eyes were solemn.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, suddenly bursting into tears, "I'm glad, glad, Polly is safe!"

"We can't be too glad," Mrs. Banks answered, kissing the little wet face. "But I'm sure my boy will remember after this that mother always has a good reason when she says 'No.'"

The Woodland Carnaval.

BY ALICE CROWELL HOFFMAN.

THE creatures of the woodland planned
A carnival one night,
The glow-worm and the firefly
Contributing the light.

The first thing on the programme was
Some diving from a log,
And many other water stunts
Performed by Mr. Frog.

And after he had thus performed
A dozen tricks or so,
He just began with all his might
To sing a bass solo.

Meanwhile some frisky little squirrels
Performed upon the trees
And ventured 'way up to the tops
Despite a lively breeze.

The crickets in the audience
Enjoyed the thrilling sight,
And all joined in a grand applause
Which lasted through the night.

Arch and Betty at the Exposition.

BY EFFIE EGBERT.

AUNT Patty gave Arch and me a new kind of birthday present this year. Arch's birthday is in May and mine in September, so she said she'd split the difference and give it to us in July. The present was a trip to the exposition. We had both been there a dozen times before we came up to auntie's for our summer vacation, so just going wasn't so much, but the present part was that we were to go alone. Just Arch and I. My! but Arch liked that. We were to go down to the city on the night boat and each have a stateroom. Arch would have to go to the purser's office for them, and we'd keep the keys ourselves. The next morning we could go to any restaurant we pleased and order anything we liked for breakfast. After that we were to spend the whole day at the exposition and then come back up to Aunt Patty's.

Arch said it was the best thing Aunt Patty had thought of yet, and he knew perfectly well Ted Hill, Arch's chum, hadn't ever been anywhere like that alone, and he's seven months older. Arch said it made it all the worse having me to take care of, but I said that wasn't any such a thing. I was just as old for a girl as he was for a boy, and I knew Aunt Patty thought so too.

We decided to plan everything out beforehand, so Arch began choosing what he would have at the restaurant for breakfast without consulting me at all. I reminded him that 'twas my present as much as his, so he said, "Go ahead then, but I bet you order ice cream for breakfast." As if I would!

Anyhow we got everything planned out. We were going to see anything in the zone we wanted to. We were going to "Old Faithful Inn" for luncheon, and we were going to ride in an electric chair clear from the beginning of the zone past the foreign pavilions and the state pavilions way through to the stockyard exhibits.

We didn't talk of another thing all day long, and in the afternoon Arch went out and told Mr. Watson about it.

Mr. Watson is the man who is building auntie's new granary. She got him because she couldn't find a carpenter. And anyway he did it well enough. But when he sent in his bill for his first week's wages he didn't ask \$3.50 a day, but only \$3, because he said he wasn't a regular carpenter. Aunt Patty said a man with nine children to support who would do that was a good, conscientious man, and that she hoped Arch would be like him, so that was the reason we talked to him so much.

Arch asked him when he was going to the exposition. He said he didn't believe he was going to get there.

"Not at all?" Arch said.

"That's about the size of it," Mr. Watson answered.

"Why not?" Arch asked.

Mr. Watson stopped nailing the shingles on the roof, laid down his hammer, and smiled kind of queer. Then he said, "Too many mouths at home to feed," and Arch felt sorry he had asked.

After Mr. Watson quit work that evening Arch said to me, "Say, Bett, isn't that fierce? The fair only fifty miles away and he won't see it." Arch thought of it all the next day, because every once in a while he'd say, "Gee, why! I'd hate to be Mr. Watson. Just think, the biggest thing San Francisco has ever had and he won't see it even once!"

The next evening Arch told me to come out behind the straw stack because he wanted to tell me something. When we got way round the corner where nobody could see us he said, "Say, Bett, let's take Mr. Watson to the fair with us."

"Then we won't be going alone," I told him. "It'll be just the same as any other trip."

"I know that," Arch said.

"I thought going alone was what you liked so much about this. Why, that's the present. Aunt Patty herself said so."

"Oh, I understand all about that," Arch said, kind of short. "But I can't get over thinking about his not going at all. How'd you like it yourself to have everybody telling you about the biggest fair in the world, only fifty miles off, and you not see a thing of it?"

"Well," I answered, "you'll have to ask Aunt Patty for some more money."

"Ask nothing." Arch just snorted at me. "We got to make it on what we got. We got to cut out 'Old Faithful Inn' and the joy zone and the traveling round in a chair—and see here, Bett, you mustn't squeal for ice cream."

Then he showed me a paper where he had it all figured out how we could pay for Mr. Watson. Arch said we could send Mr.

Watson to a cafeteria for lunch, he himself wouldn't want any, anyway, and a cornucopia would do for me.

Arch didn't like to invite Mr. Watson on account of his having told us why he couldn't go, so we told Aunt Patty all about it and got her to ask him. She told Mr. Watson that Arch was the kind of a boy that enjoyed treating, and she never said a word about the present being that we were to go alone.

Mr. Watson said "Thank you" about fifty times, and the day we went after him his wife said it fifty times more. You never saw anything as lively as their front yard. All the nine children were out to see him off, besides two or three dogs. They barked, and the kids laughed, and we laughed. Mrs. Watson kept doing things to her husband all the time, like putting his tie straight and brushing his sleeve. He looked awfully nice. His shoes were shined like anything. He said the twins did that. And his coat was as nice and black as could be. It was his wedding coat.

He hadn't been to the city since the fire, so everything was new to him. We were the very first persons through the turnstiles at the exposition the next morning. The tower of jewels was glittering away, the flags and pennants sort of fluttering in the breeze, and with all the palaces looking so pinky and so bright and the flowers and the fountains, Mr. Watson couldn't say anything. He just looked and looked.

Arch said the way to see the most in the shortest time would be to go through the eleven palaces kind of fast, then ride on the automobile train out to the end of the Avenue of Nations and see all their buildings on our way in again. In that way Mr. Watson could have a good general idea of the exposition. We didn't get through the palaces as fast as we intended to, because in the Palace of Transportation Mr. Watson got so interested in watching them assemble Ford automobiles and get one all together in half an hour that he stayed quite a while. Then at the French Pavilion he wanted to find out what there was such a crowd for. He just couldn't get over it that the French Government had sent so many of their most valuable things way out here to us.

He was kind of anxious, though, to get to the New Jersey building, because he was born in New Jersey. He liked the room with all the glass doors. There was only one person in the room when we went in. He was a man sitting at one of the little tables, and he wore a shiny silk hat and his face was awfully clean and his clothes nice. As soon as he saw Mr. Watson he kept looking at him, and just when we got a little way past him he got up and shouted out:

"Tom Watson, you old rascal!" and then he laughed.

Mr. Watson looked at him a minute, then he put out both his hands and said, "Eli Horton! By the great horn spoon!"

They clapped each other on the back and shook hands and laughed.

"Thirty years if it's a day, Tom," the man said, "since we've seen each other."

Mr. Watson said, "Guess it is, Eli." Then they began to tell stories about their going to school together in New Jersey, and the whippings they got, and how they both brought apples to the same girl, and the same girl was Mrs. Watson. And when Mr. Watson told about the nine children, the man said, "You're rich, Tom, rich, I haven't one."

After a while Mr. Watson told how we were treating him to the exposition, only he didn't say I was too, he only said this young man, and pointed to Arch.

Mr. Horton asked us to go to lunch with him, and we went to the "Inside Inn" and had ever so many more things than Arch and I had dreamed of having, even before we asked Mr. Watson. They talked the whole time about the days when they went swimming and nutting together. At dessert Mr. Horton asked me if I didn't want some more ice cream. I said "No," but I said it so slow everybody laughed, and he called out to the waiter, "Give this little girl all she wants," and I had three dishes.

From there we went to the zone and saw the Panama Canal and went up in the Aeroscope.

After that Mr. Horton had to leave because he said he was going with an automobile party to San Diego, but he wished he could stay with Mr. Watson. Just before he left he bought the biggest box of candy I ever saw in my life for Mrs. Watson. It was as big as my biggest doll's trunk.

Mr. Watson said it was the best time he'd ever had, and he wouldn't have missed Eli for anything. I think he shook Arch's hand a dozen times, and he kept saying it was a day worth remembering.

Arch told Aunt Patty when we got home that he thought we'd had a better time than if we'd gone alone. Aunt Patty was awfully glad about it. She said that treating Mr. Watson was mere generosity, but to forego the pleasure of going alone, and to think only of what Mr. Watson would like after we got there, was downright unselfishness, and she was proud of us both.

"Courtesy is the atmosphere of life, which makes its bare rocks beautiful."

The Travels of Tommy.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

Trip Number One: To the Home of the "Elater."

"MOTHER!" said Tommy Turner, running in a hurry to her sewing-room, "I don't like our new teacher so very much as I did!"

"Why not?" asked mother, stopping the whirr of her busy machine.

"She's going to give us such hard lessons."

"Oh," mother answered, and that was all.

"We're to work—*ourselves*—and tell *her* things. I like her to tell us things."

"You ought to take your turn," suggested mother.

"I'm to tell her about a—a 'Elater' next week. And I never heard of such a thing. It isn't an elevator with the 'va' left out."

"I dare say we can tell you where to look," said Mrs. Turner.

But when she had shown him where to look, and helped a good deal, Tommy was not much happier.

"I think that's all very dry," he said.

"Well," mother was always clever, "suppose you pretend that you were just one inch high, and went to the home of the elater? He would seem funny then?"

Tommy smiled—for the first time.

"Yes, he would," he admitted.

"Then imagine," advised his mother. "I

believe the new teacher would let you tell it as if you had visited him."

She did. She liked the idea. And, when it was Tommy's turn to recite, he said:

"It was a dull afternoon. When I was quite small,—just one inch tall,—I found myself near the stump of a decaying tree. I saw a little oval thing, like a brownish yellow ball, inside a crack. It moved a tiny bit and cracked open, and a beetle came out. It had two spots like eyes on its back.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I was a wireworm just now," he said. "At present I'm a member of the Elateridae family."

"That's too hard," I told him.

"Well, then, call me an elater," he said, and yawned. "I've been in that case a long time. We wireworms stay wireworms a long time."

"Elater isn't easy," I remarked.

"Skip-jack, snapping bug—I'm called all three," he answered, yawning again. "I'm hungry. What can I have for dinner?"

"What would you like?" I asked him. But he didn't wait for me. He dug his way into a bit of Indian corn and ate. Just when he was enjoying his dinner some one came by and trod on the piece of Indian corn, but not on him. But he gave a cry—you couldn't hear it if you were more than one inch tall—and fell over on his back. I was very sorry for him, and ran to help him, but he was too heavy.

"Let me alone," he said. "I'm a skip-jack, I tell you! Get out of the way!"

"So I did get out of the way, and he lay still for a minute, and then leaped a little way in the air. He fell back—on his back.

"Then he jumped again—higher. But he fell on his back again.

"How do you do it?" I asked him. "I never saw any beetle able to do it. If he were on his back, he had to lie there till some one turned him over with a stick."

"And he said: 'I'm the only one—I mean my family's the only one—that can. That's why we're called Elateridae, I suppose. Get out of the way!'

"So I got out of the way, and he went higher and turned a somersault in the air and came down on his feet. He started to run away, but I ran after him, and said, 'No wonder they call you skip-jack.'

"Then he looked back, and called out: 'They call me the "click-beetle," too. And I've some cousins in South America that can turn on a light inside themselves to see themselves do it, too. Good afternoon!' And then he ran so fast that I didn't see him again, and grew up."

The teacher was a pretty lady, with brown hair and eyes, and a blue gown.

"You imagined that very well, Tommy," she said. "Now, some one else must travel as Tommy did, and tell us true wonder stories."

Do They Shrink?

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

WHEN I was just a little boy
The things all seemed so tall,
Piano, tables, everything,—
The pictures on the wall.

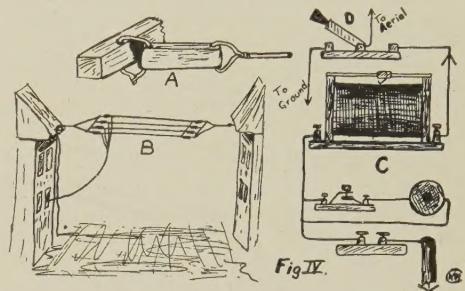
But now that I am getting big
I wonder if they shrink,
For everything is lower down;
Please tell me what you think.

How to make a Wireless Receiving Set.

BY KENNETH H. CASSON.

In Four Parts. Part IV.

A T last we have come to the final assembling of the apparatus for use. Of course it is necessary to have an aerial. It must be suspended as high as possible, horizontal to the ground. Decide upon the place where you want to have it, and measure it. If it is 40 feet long, get enough wire to make an aerial 30 feet long, with 4 wires. No matter what the length of the selected place, make the aerial 10 feet shorter. This wire should be Number 14, copper, without insulation. Aluminum will do, but it is very hard to solder. The spreaders or end pieces for the aerial should be about 7 feet long and 1 inch square. Fasten 4 cleat insulators, obtainable at any electrician's shop, on each spreader, as shown at A, in the diagram. String the wires,



joining them by a single piece at one end. (See B.) From the other end, run 4 wires, one from each strand, to a single "lead-in" wire to your instruments. All joints should be soldered.

Attach a pulley at both of the places from which your aerial is to hang. With strong rope, make a V at each end of the aerial. From these V's ropes run through the pulleys to the ground. If the lead-in wire must touch the house at any point, it must be fastened by an insulator.

The "ground connection" is made by soldering a heavy wire to the water pipe, or by driving a pipe into the ground, with the wire soldered to the top; 5 or 6 feet should be sufficient.

Get a 75-ohm telephone receiver. An ordinary receiver will do, but one with a "watch case" is much more convenient. A regular wireless head-set can be bought for about \$4.50, but a 75-cent one is good enough for a beginner.

Connect the instruments as shown at C. When listening for signals, first adjust the detector until a slight noise is heard in the receiver. Next run the slider of the tuning-coil back and forth, until you find the place where the signals are loudest.

For prevention of danger by lightning, the device shown at D is used. A pipe is buried in the ground in the same manner as the other one. A heavily insulated wire is run from this to a single-pole, double-throw switch. When you are through using the set for the day, or when you leave it for any length of time, throw over the switch, so that the aerial is connected directly to the ground.

When your apparatus is in working order, you can sit in your room and have the joy of listening to messages transmitted through the air, for many miles across mountains, valleys, lakes, and perhaps from the ships at sea.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Letters will be published so far as space permits; the most original and interesting will be chosen. The names of all whose letters do not appear will be printed in the lists. The Beacon Club button will be sent to each member when the letter is received. Write on one side of the paper. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

BELMONT, MASS.,
46 Centre Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I want to belong to the Beacon Club.

I have just finished reading *The Beacon* and have enjoyed it very much.

I am eleven years old. The best thing I like in *The Beacon* is the puzzle column.

I used to go to the old church at Hingham, but now I go to the Belmont Sunday school because I live in Belmont.

I have not missed a Sunday from school for four years.

From your new friend,
WARREN JENNEY.

Can any other boy in our Club show a better record for Sunday school attendance than Warren?

MADISON, WIS.,
411E Main Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eleven years old and would like to join the Beacon Club. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school and am in the Florence Nightingale Class.

Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY DIMENT.

From the Editor to You.

Poems to Learn. Dr. Charles W. Eliot, one of the most famous of living Unitarians, former president of Harvard University, has selected three poems which he says every child should know by heart. They are "The Village Blacksmith" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Abou Ben Adhem" by Leigh Hunt, and "To a Waterfowl" by William Cullen Bryant.

From the first of these poems Dr. Eliot quotes a verse, and makes the comment which follows. Here is the verse:

"He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it make his heart rejoice,
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise."

"Now, any child eight to ten years old," says Dr. Eliot, "will take that all in and will learn from it that the blacksmith had a daughter who could sing, and that she sang sweetly in the village choir; and the blacksmith had a wife, whom he loved tenderly, and she was dead, and she sang with him, and now she was singing happily in Paradise, and the blacksmith liked to go to church because he heard his daughter, who reminded him of her mother. All that is in that little verse, and it is a beautiful picture of some of the best parts of human experience."

Does every child reader of our paper eight years old or over know these three poems? If not, will you learn them? You will be glad to remember also that all these three poets were Unitarians.

FAIRHAVEN, MASS.
Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I am eight years old. I read the letters in *The Beacon*. My teacher's name is Miss Williams. We have a Christmas celebration on Christmas eve at our Sunday school. We are studying the 2d lesson of Moses and Solomon. We have new books now.

From your little friend,
GRACE R. CASWELL.

EGYPT, MASS.
Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Scituate Unitarian Sunday school, and Mr. W. W. Locke is our minister. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy reading it.

I am fourteen years old and would like to become a member of the Beacon Club, and to wear your badge.

Yours faithfully,
EVELYN MERRITT.

BANGOR, ME.
Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, and like it very much. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like to puzzle out the puzzles.

I like Sunday school and try to go every Sunday. My teacher is Miss Wing.

I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am eleven years of age.

Yours truly,
ELIZABETH SAWYER.

Other new members are Henry H. Stoeckle, Hackensack, N.J. In Massachusetts, Catharine A. Twitchell, Melrose; Jessica L. Swain, Nantucket (who sent an enigma and puzzle); Carlton Venables, Needham Heights; Gertrude Pratt, Rockland; Marcus E. Stone, Winchendon.

Cradle-song of the Stars.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

WHEN the day is sinking, sinking into twilight;
When through heavenly meadows roams the shepherd Moon;
Then the stars of heaven, lambkins of the shepherd,
Wait for little children while their mothers croon:
Drift, O little children, softly into Dreamland,
Where the stars of heaven are the lambs so white.
And the kindly shepherd welcomes for their playmates
All the little children to make merry through the night.

All the night they frolic, stars and little children,
In the heavenly meadows where the shepherd Moon
Sings them songs so tender, leads them to new pastures,
So for babes and little lambs the morning comes too soon.
Then the little children leave the flock and shepherd,
Though they promise gladly to return and play;
And they seek the Morning where their darling mothers
Wait to open wide for them the wondrous Gates of Day.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XIX.

I am composed of 16 letters and spell the name of the heroine of one of Longfellow's most famous poems.

My 4, 6, 7, 12, is part of the foundation of a house.
My 16, 10, 14, 13, 8, is one of the five senses.
My 5, 2, 3, 16, 1, describes autumn air.
My 9, 15, 15, 11, 9, 12, means each year.

J.

ENIGMA XX.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 13, 3, 6, 7, is used in making bread.
My 23, 5, 18, 19, 10, is to lament.
My 2, 8, 4, 12, is a famous Italian city.
My 16, 28, 29, 9, is not fast.
My 30, 15, 26, is moist.
My 20, 24, 25, 26, is upright.
My 4, 17, 21, 10, is a heavenly body.
My 22, 15, 11, is an affirmation.
My 7, 17, 14, 12, is to wander.
My 27, 5, 12, is an enemy.
My whole is a true saying.

The Myrtle.

BEHEADING AND TRANSPOSITION.

I.

Whole, I am a house for beasts; behead me, and I am found in the parlor; again, and I am skillful; transpose me, and I am found in the Scriptures; again, and I am a pack of goods.

II.

Whole, I signify to awake; behead, and I mean the same; again, and I am a river; again, and I denote a habit or custom; transpose me, and I am a nickname.

Youth's Companion.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

In each of the following ten sentences a word of five letters is omitted. When these ten words are rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous poet.

1. Idle — are always meddling.
 2. A bird is — by its note and a man by his talk.
 3. Make yourself all — and the flies will devour you.
 4. A — is a fool's argument.
 5. — a fool your finger, and he will take your whole hand.
 6. A small leak will sink a — ship.
 7. A person's — ought to be his greatest secret.
 8. He that shows his ill temper — his enemy where he may hit him.
 9. A rascal — rich has lost all his kindred.
 10. Do as most do and — will speak ill of thee.
- HERMANN H. HOWARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 7.

ENIGMA XV.—Louisa May Alcott.

ENIGMA XVI.—Nobody else can do the job that God has marked out for you.

HIDDEN Flowers.—1. Violet. 2. Pink. 3. Pansy.

4. Poppies. 5. Rose.

TWISTED FRUITS.—1. Bananas. 2. Apples. 3. Grapes. 4. Oranges. 5. Pineapples. 6. Lemons.

7. Pomegranates. 8. Peaches. 9. Cherries. 10. Figs.

A HIDDEN PROVERB.—All that glitters is not gold.

THE BEACON

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
376 Sutter St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON